

Mr Charlesworth  
"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

# The Christian Freeman.

A MONTHLY UNITARIAN JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

No 7.—VOL. XX.]

JULY, 1876.

[NEW SERIES.—PRICE 1½d.

## Notes of the Month.

HOME AND ABROAD.

EAST AND WEST LONDON.—The Rev. Harry Jones, in his recent work on his ministry at St. George's-in-the-East, London, affirms that East London has been misrepresented, for he thinks it is as a whole as morally good as the West-end. It will be remembered that he left the aristocratic west to be the minister of the democratic east.

NORTH AND SOUTH WALES.—Can any of our Welsh readers confirm, or otherwise, the following paragraph which we have recently seen in more than one paper:—"A curious custom still survives in North and South Wales and the Border. At a funeral, a hireling, 'who lives by such services, has handed over to him a loaf of bread, a maple bowl full of beer or milk, and a sixpence, in consideration of which he takes upon him all the sins of the defunct, and frees him or her from walking after death.' This scapegoat is called a 'Sin-eater.' People who laugh at this absurdity think nothing of accepting the immoral doctrine of the Atonement, which has for its leading idea that one man can take upon himself the sins of others, who shall then go scot-free."

ATTENTION TO THE OLD.—One of the most common of all our lessons ought to be forcing on the attention of our children kind words and acts to the aged. A little thoughtful attention, how happy it makes the old! They have outlived most of the friends of their early youth. How lonely their hours! Often their partners in life have long filled silent graves; often their children they have followed to the tomb. They stand solitary, bending on their staff, waiting till the same call reach them. How often they must think of absent lamented faces; of the love which cherished them, and the tears of sympathy which fell with theirs, now all gone. Why should not the young cling round and comfort them, cheering their gloom with happy smiles?

BURIAL OF THE DEAD.—The French and English notion of the separation of the dead according to religious confessions does not hold in Switzerland. The body of a Protestant workman killed on the new railway to the Abbey of Einsiedeln, was buried with the usual Catholic rites in the Catholic cemetery, no one thinking of any desecration in the act.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.—A Sunday-school teacher offers the following for the consideration of his co-labourers:—"There is a sort of weak, pathetic, so-called "religious talk" in Sunday-school, and it is the easiest thing in the world for a superintendent to substitute pious pathos for vigorous, stalwart work. Now, I want work done in the thorough study of God's Word. I want my scholars to get God's Word into their intellects and into their lives. In order to do this, they must *know*; to know, they must *study*. This kind of work requires *teachers*. Teaching can be done by none but *teachers*. Teachers, to make others know, must themselves know. Now, may the Lord help me to stand up for the intellectual side of the work! And I must not and need not sacrifice the religious side one particle."

AN American paper refers to "Dr. Martineau's admirable speech at Essex-street Chapel," a few weeks ago, and says that the Rev. D. B. Frothingham (the radical president) has been recently making similar utterances. He charges his radical brethren with exalting every whim and caprice. "They scatter their force; worse than that, they divide their force, and set detachments against one another; they are jealous, factious, partisan. They stickle over too many points of purely speculative interest; they indulge in too many private crotchets. The secret of combination is the willingness to concede some things for the sake of a few things of essential concern. . . . It is one of the mischiefs of the theological training we have been subjected to, that the phantoms of opinion are more real than the forms of things; and concerns of vital moment are postponed to crotchets and prejudices."

**WESTERN AMERICA.**—We have been led by some reports to think that the Western States of America were rapidly becoming Unitarian. A letter we heard read recently from a trustworthy correspondent gives a very different complexion. He says, the extreme views held by some of our brethren are causing a great defection, reaction, and thinning of our ranks. He endorses the views of Dr. Elliot:—"You will hear that the West is Radical, given to doubt, and that the press is liberal, &c., &c. Now, the truth is that the Evangelical churches are the crowded churches, and the Radical churches are not crowded where they exist at all. The Presbyterian and Methodist churches are popular everywhere. . . . Neither Radical nor Conservative Unitarianism is gaining ground in the larger part of the West. It has little influence in shaping the religious opinions of the West,—so little that one does not like to think of it. The West is Catholic and Evangelical, with small squads of Radicals and Liberals here and there, but of very slight influence in the culture, or thought, or life of the great masses. This I think to be the real and unwelcome truth."

**THE BIBLE SOCIETY.**—One of our correspondents, who is now over 80 years of age, has attended, he says, from the very first institution of the Bible Society its meetings in the different districts where it has been his fortune to reside. He notices the changes in the character of the hymns of late years sung at the meetings of this society; that they are of a much more objectionable character than they were at the founding of the society. As an illustration, he says at the Bow and Bromley meeting this year the hymn commenced:—

All hail the pow'r of Jesu's name!  
Let angels prostrate fall:  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him,—Lord of All!  
Ye saints redeem'd of Adam's race;  
Ye ransom'd from the fall;  
Hail him who saves you by his grace;  
And crown him,—Lord of All!

Our correspondent suggests a hymn he wrote after leaving this meeting, which might have been sung without offence to any party, as follows:—

Before th' *Eternal*:—God alone!  
Let man adoring fall;  
To Him all majesty ascribe,  
And praise Him!—Lord of All!  
In skies above—on earth around:  
His works, or great or small!  
His wisdom, pow'r, and love proclaim!  
O, praise Him,—Lord of All!

**DR. BROWNSON.**—The death is announced of this somewhat erratic, but accomplished man, who was once a Unitarian minister, and passed through almost every phase of religious and of sceptical thought, and finally settled down as an astute defender of the Roman Catholic Church. His death has called up many anecdotes of his life. One is, that whenever a stranger asked him, "At what college were you educated?" he used to growl back, "The Chimney Corner."

**UNIFORMITY NOWHERE.**—The aim has been for centuries to have uniformity of doctrines and rituals. The Churches which have persecuted most to have this boon within their pales have not succeeded; for it is as true to-day of the Church of England, even, as it was last century, when Bishop Hoadley wrote, "In the present state of the Church the most orthodox cannot communicate together without a great variety of confusion of notions; nay with more certain difference about the object of worship than if all prayers were directed (as Bishop Bull says all were in the first ages) to the Father through the son."

**RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS.**—The Irish Census extended to religion, and the result is a list of nearly 150 forms of faith. Nine-tenths of the people range themselves in five classes: 4,150,867 Roman Catholics; 667,998 Protestant Episcopalians; 497,648 Presbyterians; 43,441 Methodists. The remaining 52,423 belong to other denominations. Among them are 1538 Covenanters; 2600 Brethren and Christian Brethren, the majority of them women; six Exclusive Brethren, three of them women; 40 Non-Sectarians; four Orthodox; five Christadelphians; five Humanitarians; 44 Christian Israelites; 33 Mormons, and ten Latter-Day saints, seventeen of them women. A few call themselves followers of some more or less known man; there are ten Darbyites, nine Puseyites, six Walkerites, five Morisonians, and one Kellyite. There 60 Free Thinkers, 49 persons of no denomination, sixteen Deists, six Theists, one Atheist, eight Secularists, one Materialist. When we come to count "single persons," we are in a labyrinth of varieties. There is a Idimite, a Reformer (a woman), a disciple of "natural religion," and another of "Positivism, or the religion of humanity," a philanthropist, a saint of no sect, a protester against all priesthood, a latitudinarian, a Socialist, a Sabbatarian, a Buddhist, a Mussulman, a True Moslem, a Confucian, a Pagan. Four men and one woman describe themselves as "undetermined or undecided," and there remain after all, 830 males, and 214 females whose religious profession is entirely unspecified.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON has written much it would be well to practise. The following are among his recent expressions worthy of note:—"In conversation shun the negative side. Never worry people with your contritions, nor with dismal views of politics or society. Never name sickness; even if you could trust yourself on that perilous topic, beware of unmuzzling a valetudinarian, who will soon give you your fill of it."

WORLDLY WISE.—A Chinaman in California, whose life was insured to a large amount, was seriously hurt by falling from a wagon. There was some doubt of his ever getting better, and at length one of his friends wrote to the insurance company; "Charlie half dead, likee half money." This is not quite so bad, though, as the anecdote related of a man who, having been seriously injured in a railway collision, had a solicitor called to his bedside and instructed him to write the company that "he expected to die, but as compensation would be of little use to him in that case, he would prefer having the amount remitted to him beforehand."

QUOTING SCRIPTURE.—One of the most amusing quotations, and yet not more absurd than some that are made from the Bible, occurred at a public school. In the 136th Psalm the writer is celebrating the goodness of God in the victories of the Jewish people over their enemies, and says: Give thanks to God . . . who slew famous kings . . . Og, the King of Bashan, for his mercy endureth for ever. "Who was the most merciful man mentioned in the Bible?" asked a Scripture teacher the other day of the class he was examining. "Og, the King of Bashan!" exclaimed a smart youngster, with all the force of certainty. "Og, the King of Bashan—why?" "Because, sir, his mercy endureth for ever."

GOWN AND BANDS.—Even in America, among this plain republican people, there is now quite a warm discussion in the Episcopal papers about the ministerial dress. A correspondent of the *Episcopal Register* is a believer in "the Gospel of Good Gowns." He says that "since the days when Rev. Dr. White officiated as Chaplain of Congress, in surplice and stole, no chaplain has ever entered the House of Representatives in ecclesiastical vestments, until the present chaplain, Rev. J. L. Townsend, returned to the old custom." Another correspondent writes, "Perhaps there will be a new beatitude: 'Blessed are the Congressional Chaplains in surplice and stole, for their prayers will produce a marked effect never observed after the devotional exercises of men who do not respect their office but officiate in citizen's dress.'"

EXPANDING THE CHEST.—A correspondent sends us the following, which is worth repeating:—"One of the easiest and best ways to expand the chest, is to have a good, large heart in it. It saves the cost of gymnastics."

EXAGGERATION.—It is sometimes droll to observe how exaggeration defeats its own object. One of the best items of this kind is the account of a youthful clergyman, who recently went forth to enlighten the ignorant, whilst dealing with the parable of the prodigal son, was anxious to show how dearly the parent loved his child. Drawing himself together, and putting on his most sober looks, he dilated on the killing of the fatted calf. The climax was as follows: "I shouldn't wonder if the father had *kept that calf for years*, awaiting the return of his son."

THE WEDDING RING.—Can any of our readers inform us whether the following is true or not concerning one of the symbols of marriage. A contemporary says:—The wedding ring is put upon the fourth finger of the woman's left hand, because in the original formulary of marriage it was placed first on the top of the thumb, with the words, "In the name of the Father," then on the next finger, with, "And of the Son;" then on the middle finger, with, "And of the Holy Ghost;" and finally on the fourth, with the "Amen."

NO ESTABLISHED CHURCH.—In a country where there is no Act of Parliament Church many difficulties disappear, both in peace and war, which are insuperable with a State Church. We have an amusing proof of this in one page of General Kilpatrick's review of Sherman's Campaign. He tells the following story: Shortly after our army had entered Savannah a number of clergymen called upon General Sherman, and among other questions inquired if they could hold divine service as usual in the churches. "Certainly," said the general. "Why not?" "But," said a dignified, saintly-looking individual, "some of us are Episcopalians." "Well, that is a good religion. No objection to your religion; none whatever," answered Sherman. "But, sir," said the clergyman, "we are in the habit of praying for the President and Congress." "That is right; pray for them; no objection on that score." "Yes, sir—we pray for—President Davis and the Confederate Congress." "Oh!" said Sherman, "you want to pray for Jeff. Davis, do you?" "Yes, sir!" emphatically replied the clergyman. "All right," said Sherman, his brows lowering, "pray for him, pray for the devil—pray for both of them—the one needs it as much as the other. Is that all, gentlemen?"

## ELIZA WARWICK.

## A HEROINE OF ORDINARY LIFE.

IN the year 1750, Edward Warwick, a captain in the East India Company's service, married a young and accomplished orphan lady, then resident with her cousin, Mrs. Steel, in Madras. The union was a singularly happy one, each possessing that amiability of nature which is conducive of domestic felicity. Four years after we see them with a little daughter named Eliza, and an infant son; their worldly affairs prosperous, and happy in each other, they looked forward to the future with hopeful anticipations; but their happiness was brief as bright. An epidemic fever raged at Madras: many Europeans fell victims, among them were Captain and Mrs. Warwick; and thus the children were reduced to the condition of orphans. Left to the care of Mrs. Steel, that lady considered it her duty to apprise Mr. White, Mrs. Warwick's brother, then resident in Sumatra, of his sister's sudden death, and the orphan condition of her children, and to ask his wishes as to their future disposal.

It was Eliza who particularly engaged Mrs. Steel's thoughts, as Captain Warwick's brother, then on the eve of departure for America, was ready to take charge of his infant nephew, and bring him up along with his own family. This fact Mrs. Steel intimated to Mr. White, and added that, did he feel the charge of a female child too much for his declining years, she would with great pleasure adopt the little Eliza, and, as she had no family, devote herself to her right upbringing and culture. The reply from Mr. White arrived without delay. He expressed deep regret at the death of his amiable sister and her husband, and said he considered it would be for his comfort to have this precious relic of his departed sister near him; and thus the little orphans were provided for: the boy sailed for America; and Eliza, under the charge of a careful attendant, accomplished the voyage to Sumatra in safety, and was received by her uncle with every demonstration of affection and joy. Mr. White was a man of broken health and considerable physical weakness, but it was his plea-

sure to devote his hours of leisure and retirement to the education of the child who was placed by early misfortune under his care. He enlisted also in the service a friend who resided hard by, Mrs. Graham, a woman highly gifted and accomplished; and Eliza, by the united efforts of her uncle and this lady, was early taught those accomplishments which made her in future years an ornament to society. A ruthless destiny, however, seemed to pursue Eliza, for in her ninth year a sudden calamity bereft her at once of a second father and kind instructor.

It was Eliza's daily habit to visit her uncle early to awake him, and, as her custom was, she went to his room on a certain morning for this purpose. What was the child's dismay to find him cold, pale, and regardless of all her fond utterances! Her affrighted cries drew the family about her; remedies were attempted, medical aid was procured, but in vain, his spirit had departed, and the poor girl was again desolate.

Acting as Eliza's guardian, Mrs. Graham informed Mrs. Steel, in Madras, of Mr. White's death, and that his small property had been left to Eliza; and asked her advice as to her relative's wishes regarding her future. A speedy decision was made that the little girl should return to reside at Madras, and make Mrs. Steel's house her home. Many and various plans had been formed for her suitable and comfortable conveyance, when at last a Captain Cooper appeared, who was about to sail to Madras in charge of one of the company's ships, and being a particular friend of Mr. and Mrs. Graham, they ventured to consign their little ward to his care, although there were no female passengers on board, rather than put her into the hands of strangers. Unfortunately there were among the crew some Portuguese sailors, men of desperate and unscrupulous character, bent on any enterprise, it mattered not how cruel, if thereby they might increase their fortunes. These wretches formed the shocking design of throwing the captain overboard, together with the surgeon and mate, thereafter seizing the vessel, and selling the remainder of the crew as slaves. This design they contrived to

execute, and one evening overpowering Captain Cooper, they murdered him and the other officers, and thus became undisputed masters of the vessel. This fearful tragedy was enacted before the eyes of the terrified Eliza; and the villains being exasperated by her cries and pleadings, resolved to throw her into the sea after her slaughtered friends, when one, more humane than the others, was actuated by a feeling of remorse, and seizing the little girl saved her from his ruthless companions. Eliza clung to her protector in despair, and only believed herself safe when in his immediate neighbourhood.

Two days after this outrage the pirates held a high festival, at which, by their wild excesses, they were reduced to a state of helpless intoxication. Some lay insensible on the deck, others riotously moved about, creating noise and confusion. While this scene of tumult continued, the few sailors who had been saved to navigate the vessel held a council regarding the possibility of retaking the ship, and revenging the death of Captain Cooper and their other countrymen. But they were destitute of weapons. Arms were slung round the cabin, but these were beyond their reach, and the case seemed hopeless. Suddenly one of the men exclaimed: "Can the child not help us?" Eliza was called apart, the plan explained to her, and at the same time she was told that her own life was the penalty if these villains discovered the plot. Eliza, although so young, was possessed of a noble courage and fortitude, as well as strong affections. She promised to risk her life to avenge the captain and retake the ship, stipulating as the only condition that the life of her protector should be spared. Accordingly she returned to the cabin amid the intoxicated pirates, and, whilst skipping as if in sport along the benches, took the cutlasses and pistols from their several places, and, without observation, handed them out to the sailors. These men, thus armed, rushed amid their foes, soon despatched the Portuguese, who were incapable of resistance, and, whilst fired with revengeful hatred, forgot their promise, and killed Eliza's protector among the others, although she used

every effort to save him. The bodies of the pirates were thrown into the sea, and in an ecstasy of joy the crew found themselves masters of the vessel, and once more free men. But scarcely had they realised their novel position when an unlooked-for difficulty occurred. No officer was left to command the crew; they were all sailors in the rank of common seamen, utterly uneducated, and ignorant of the science of navigation, and none of their number had ever been at the port of Madras. All were perplexed how to proceed on their voyage, and their frequent consultations seemed but to make the case more hopeless.

The little Eliza was present on these occasions, listening attentively. She was intelligent far beyond her years. Her uncle had made her the partner of his studies, and often instructed her in subjects which girls seldom acquire. Among these she had learned, partly as an amusement, the use of sea-charts. Now came a proof that knowledge, though seemingly ill-adapted to a certain course of life, and hid away in the storehouse of memory, may yet find a use, and see the light again to bless and benefit its owner. Eliza, hearing the sailors' difficulties, at length asked them to show her the charts, as she believed she could point out to them the port they had left, and that to which they were bound, as well as to explain the degrees to north and west towards which they had to sail. In despair the men placed themselves under her guidance; and by her direction the vessel reached its destination in safety. This wonderful instance of youthful precocity was related in a memorial to Lord Clive, then Governor-General of India. The fact was without dispute. The sailors' testimony that to her alone they owed the recapture and subsequent safety of the ship—the death of Captain Cooper and the other officers—were public evidence of the fact. But though the memorial explained that a female child of nine years of age had saved a company's ship, and every effort was made by Eliza's friends to obtain for her some reward for so rare a service, Lord Clive disregarded these applications: she received no recompense.

Eliza Warwick again found herself resident in Madras, under the roof of her kind friend, Mrs. Steel, by whom she was treated as a daughter. The proceeds of her uncle's property, to which she had succeeded, were transmitted from Sumatra, and this, joined to the kindness of friends, made her circumstances comfortable. One subject engaged her sad thoughts—namely, the fate of her brother, of whom and her uncle no intelligence could be procured. Years passed on, and no tidings came to apprise her if they yet lived. It was conjectured that some terrible misfortune had overtaken the family: perhaps they had fallen into the hands of savage tribes and perished.

Eliza's growing years served to develop the natural talents and amiability of her nature. Mrs. Steel procured for her the best masters, and spared no effort to cultivate and adorn her mind. She quickly acquired several oriental languages; she excelled also in the fine arts, particularly painting and music. At this juncture it was her lot to win the love of a youthful and altogether worthy admirer, an officer in the Royal Navy. The suit being pressed Eliza returned with ardour the devotion of the young officer; and, though their united fortunes were comparatively small, Eliza's friends consented to their union. Mrs. Steel, on the occasion, gave the wedding banquet; and, while the guests assembled in honour of the young pair were offering their congratulations, and merrily enjoying the festive scene, an unlooked-for messenger arrived with a packet for the bridegroom. Its contents were unexpected, and words cannot well depict the distress it occasioned, as therein was contained an order to the young lieutenant, for scarce one hour a husband, to proceed without one minute's delay to join his ship, on the point of sailing.

Lamentations were vain, for the command of duty brooked no delay. With many mutual promises of frequent communication, and the assuring confidence of a not distant meeting, the newly-married pair parted. Alas! the dark destiny of Eliza still unflinchingly pursued her—they parted no more to meet. Her husband never again re-

turned, nor was the vessel again heard of. The general supposition was that it had foundered at sea; and days, weeks, months, years drearily rolled over the head of poor Eliza, without bringing to her one trace of her husband's, brother's, and uncle's fate. Such a complication of singular misfortunes pressed heavily upon her spirit. She brought to her aid all the comforts of religion and the supports of principle. Still, life was very dreary. Exhausted by anxiety and sorrow, the sorely-stricken being retired from society and led a secluded life till her thirtieth year. At this date a fresh misfortune fell upon her, for in that year she lost her dearly-loved friends, Mr. and Mrs. Steel. This last blow seemed to fill her cup of sadness to overflowing. In despair she resolved to leave Madras, and go to reside in Calcutta, hoping that change of scene might help her in the pursuit of patience. Her worldly circumstances also now required the efforts of her own industry, and she resolved to exert her talents for her future support.

It was a noble resolve, worthy of imitation. She laid aside half of the small property left by her parents and uncle, as the hope of her brother's return still clung to her heart; and having made all necessary arrangements, moved to Calcutta, which she henceforth made her home. After her settlement she began to consider the manner in which she might most advantageously exert her talents; and as she excelled in drawing, the idea presented itself to her of hiring native women to work muslins, while she drew patterns. The singular elegance of these designs speedily engaged attention, and procured an extensive demand, so much so, that after some time Eliza found she had acquired a little fortune. Still possessed of much personal beauty, talented, and rich, this accomplished lady found herself courted and admired. But, yet brooding over the uncertain fate of her husband, and possessed by a deep melancholy, she shunned notice, and abstained from mixing in gay life. Her active mind, however, required employment, and, mistress of those means which her own talents and in-

dustry had acquired, she regarded herself as a stewardess for the poor. Her piety and benevolence, however, took a wide and high range, and she looked in all directions for plans by which best to benefit her fellow-creatures. Among other things, her attention was soon directed to the situation of the young European officers whose health suffered from the climate, to which they were not inured; and when sickness seized them, far from their friends and in the land of strangers, they often suffered much misery and neglect. Seeing this, Eliza Warwick hired a large and commodious house, and divided it into numerous apartments; she hired sick-nurses, and publicly intimated that she was ready to receive invalid youths whose health required care and nursing, and that her time and her attention would be devoted to their recovery. This generous scheme succeeded in a remarkable manner. Many young officers were restored to health who otherwise would have fallen early victims to the diseases of the climate, or sowed the seeds of protracted suffering and inaction. She was a second mother to many, and became an undying memory to all who were privileged to look upon her. We wish it could be added that this unselfish and heroic being lived to enjoy the sweet consolation of having been a public benefactress. Long life was not her destiny. In the midst of her usefulness she died, at a comparatively early age. Her demise was looked on as a public loss; and the friends who mourned her departure felt that the world was indeed poorer to them since she had gone.

The facts of this history are strictly true; the incidents are not imaginary, but true. The circumstances were known to many who were benefited by this meek heroine's kindness; and one of her youthful *protégés*, a Scottish gentleman, to whom she left her fortune, performed the noble act of restoring it entire and unasked to Eliza's long-lost brother, who, a little time after her death, appeared at Calcutta and proved his identity.—*Chambers' Journal*.

EVERY healthy mind is a true Alexander or Sesostris, building a universal monarchy.

### THE RIGHTEOUS MAN—THE GOOD MAN.

ARE not righteousness and goodness synonymous terms? Is not the righteous man the same as the good man? Not so, as would appear from the distinction made between them by Paul in the celebrated passage to be found in the fifth chapter of his Epistle to the Romans, where he asserts that scarcely for a righteous man will one die, yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. Doubtless many a sincerely-minded English reader of the New Testament has been perplexed by this passage, for in other places we are told that the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance, and that he who doeth righteousness is righteous; nay, the Apostle himself reasoned of righteousness as well as temperance before the ungodly Felix. Yet reflection will convince us of the accuracy of the definition. The righteous man is merely such—upright, just, and accurate; the good man is all this, but is something and much more. He is kind, is merciful, is amiable, and conciliating; is, indeed, as far as human frailty will permit, the just man made perfect, and the vast superiority of such a character must be at once perceived and acknowledged. The righteous man is respected, perhaps admired, but he is not loved; the good man wins all hearts. To the one we coldly—it may be grudgingly—give praise; to the other the best tribute of our affections; and this is human nature, the result of our human feelings—a nature which St. Paul had deeply sounded, feelings which he experienced and manifested in the warmest manner. He well knew that righteousness, justice, is the foundation of all that is right, and pure, and elevating in the Christian character, for justice is coeval with God Himself—like Him, is before all time; it never had a beginning, and can have no end; whilst by a beautiful metaphor the path of the just is represented as shining more and more unto the perfect day. But then, as has been intimated, the just man may be no more than just (we fancy that we should soon tire of Aristides). He may stand out, statue-like, from

others, still with no life, no geniality, not burdened with the milk of human kindness. Righteous, rigidly so, paying his way—all very proper; giving to every man his due, owing not a shilling. No labourer who reaps his fields cries unto him for unpaid wages; he defrauds none, he settles to the last farthing. This is but negative merit; still, as society is constituted, it is merit, and of it a high degree; but he is not the good man of Paul's category, for if he give to all their due, he expects from all his due, nor will he abate his demands. He will exact the penny as strictly as he will pay it; he will take his due, and will not willingly, gracefully, remit a fraction of it. He may be a sterling but he cannot be a loveable character, whilst his excellent qualities will be marred by precision, stiffness, and probably moroseness. An acute observer of human nature remarks in his autobiography, that he was "several times in the company of the renowned philanthropist Mr. —. The impressions of his character on my mind were those of a man rigorously conscientious, free from immoralities himself and inexorable to those of others; ardent to enthusiasm in all his projects; of unconquerable perseverance, of perfect punctuality in every engagement, stern, self-sufficient, arbitrary and assuming, inattentive in company and to the conversation of others." We believe that the merely righteous man was never more strikingly depicted.

Turn we for a moment to the Good Man. The images of Fenelon, of Oberlin, of Lindsey, of Carpenter, rise at once before the mind's eye—men of saintly lives, spotless integrity, overflowing with benevolence, and whose days were spent in devising and executing plans for the best interests of mankind, who were constantly actuated by love out of a pure heart. So multitudes have thus acted, and thus manifested the genuine Christian temper—Cardinal Borromeo doffing his gorgeous robes and meekly tending the sick of the hospitals and lazarettos; and Florence Nightingale with all a woman's gentleness soothing the anguish of the wounded and dying soldiers. We have Tuckerman going to the very depths of

poverty, even of vice, that he might save some. "I must have that man's soul!"—and George Whitfield preaching day after day to assembled thousands, frequently under the most discouraging circumstances, bating no jot of heart or hope.

"He loved the world that hated him; the tear That dropp'd upon his Bible was sincere."

Yes, the Good man—he who is ever ready to offices of love, whose aim is beneficence; whose heart is open and tender; whose hands and whose feet minister to every good work; who has a beaming eye and a sweet smile; whose tongue drops balm; who thinks no evil, and is ever ready to throw the cloak of his charity over the failings of those around him. Strength of character, or resolution to do and to suffer, is not inconsistent with that which is the essence of goodness; rather, there must be strength, decision, fortitude, before there can be any real goodness. But we must not lay a foundation and leave it to take care of itself; we must build thereon, and it must be a glorious superstructure, useful to dwell in, beautiful to the sight; the ornament and the delight of the widely-spread neighbourhood.

Paul—unconsciously it may be—pours himself in the words before us. Inflexible in his career of righteousness, "firm and bold in virtue's cause," giving no place by subjection—no, not for an hour—when the interests of truth were concerned. Yet we find him full of love, even to his persecutors; in his own energetic language "travailing in birth again, till Christ was formed" in the disciples; "gentle among them, even as a nurse cherisheth her children," and winning their love in return; for "they all wept sorely, and fell on Paul's neck, and kissed him, sorrowing most for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more." Such was the large-souled and the no less amiable Apostle of the Gentiles. We must be followers of him, even as he followed Christ.

And Christ was the great Master. Looking to him, we see all the virtues that can dignify and all the graces that can adorn humanity. Jesus was steadfast and immovable in doing the great

work set before him. His rebukes of sin, in the highest places, were lofty and stern. He never quailed before power, though crushing to outward view. But who so meek and lowly of heart? Who so kind to human misery? Who so compassionate to the returning penitent? "Go in peace." How gracious the dismissal! "Son, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee." How consoling to him who had gone astray! Yes, the Saviour of men wept over the falling Jerusalem; he wept at the grave of his bosom friend; he loved Lazarus, and Martha, and Mary; he loved John, and to that dear disciple's care he left his bereaved, his heart-broken Mother.

Be it ours to add to the things which are just, and true, and venerable, those that are lovely and of good report, that so we may serve our generation faithfully, kindly, and well, before we fall asleep.

#### ALL'S FOR THE BEST.

All's for the best! be sanguine and cheerful;

Troubles and sorrows are friends in disguise;

Nothing but folly goes faithless and fearful;

Courage for ever is happy and wise;

All's for the best—if man could but know it;

Providence wishes us all to be blest;

This is no dream of the pundit or poet;

Heaven is gracious, and all's for the best.

All's for the best! set this on your standard,

Soldiers of sadness, or pilgrims of love,  
Who to the shores of despair may have wandered,

A wayfaring swallow, or heart-stricken dove.

All's for the best! be a man, but confiding;

Providence tenderly governs the rest,

And the frail bark of his creatures is guiding  
Wisely and warily—all's for the best.

All's for the best! then fling away terrors;

Meet all your fears and loss in the van,  
And in the midst of your dangers or errors

Trust like a child, while you strive like  
a man.

All's for the best! unbiased, unbounded,

Providence reigns from the east to the west;

Though by trials and hardships surrounded,  
Hope and be happy, for all's for the best.

#### HOW THE SUNLIGHT CAME.

ONE OF M. QUAD'S BEAUTIFUL PEN PICTURES.

THE sunlight sometimes came into the room, for the sunlight was made for the poor as well as for the rich, and it will pour in through crazy shutters and over the bare floors just as cheerily as it filters through lace curtains and breaks into golden fragments over velvet carpets. And God's free air came to the desolate room as well, though when it had crossed the decaying roofs and lingered a moment on the weather-beaten sills it was no longer pure.

Do you know what poverty is? A gaunt, starved woman, with great black eyes which had a look of hunger and terror, as if the shadow of fate had clutched her throat. A bare room—not bare, because it contained an old stove, a wretched bed, a broken chair, a bench, and—but nothing more. The gaunt, starved-faced woman had bread to eat—bread and nothing else. A bare room—bread and water. That is poverty. That is what brings to the heart that feeling of loneliness and grim despair which is poisoned out of life or quenched, like a quivering light, in the green waters of the river which creeps softly past the city and carries every burden of sorrow and woe to the bosom of the lake.

Why did this woman live? Had life one charm for her? Perhaps she asked herself these questions, as she sat with her face in her hands and looked out upon the cold, cheerless day. There were no tears in her great, black eyes—only such a look of woe and despair, that the world should have been there to see it and to have it painted on their hearts.

"Mother!"

A little, wasted form on the wretched bed; a bony hand on the ragged quilt; a voice which told of hunger and pain and weary waiting.

She bent over him, and, for a moment, a mother's love shone in her eyes, and her wrinkled hand rested on his pale face with such tenderness as only a mother has.

"Lift me up and let me see the sun-

shine," he whispered, trying to put his arms around her neck.

"There is no sunshine," she whispered, in reply, a sob in her throat.

"Kiss me, mother, and call me when the sunlight comes again," he said.

She knew that he had been dying a week—sinking slowly and surely into eternity, but she had no friends to call in—she could only weep over him and pray God that she might soon follow. With a gasp and a sob she pressed her lips to his forehead, then turned away to struggle with her despair and her great sorrow.

The cloudy, cheerless day faded into dusk. She roused herself for a moment and peered through the gloom to see if her boy still slept, and then she whispered with her thoughts again. And such thoughts.

When the darkness covered the bare floor, as with a mantle, and when she could no longer see her own poverty, the boy suddenly cried out:—

"Mother, mother! The sunlight has come!"

"Not yet, dear Ned—not yet. It is night now."

"But I see the sun; it lights all the room; it blazes into my face," he called.

"There is no sun; it is cold and dark!" she sobbed.

"And it grows brighter! and I hear such sweet music! and I see little Tommy!" he whispered, while through the darkness she saw his white face grow radiant.

"You are dreaming," she sobbed.

"It was such a bright sun! The music is so sweet!" he whispered, clasping her hand.

"It is dark; it is night," she gasped, but he did not hear.

The sunlight had truly come, but it was the sunlight—the golden rays reflected from the gates of heaven—and not the sunlight of earth. The mysterious curtain, hiding the valley of death, had lifted for his spirit to pass under, and woe had been left behind.

And of her? Ask the shadows of night—ask the river. When they found his little dead body she was not there. They cannot find her. If she is dead, God did not judge her harshly.

## THE YOUNG DISSENTER.

WHAT we are about to say is all for the young folks. Dissenters form a large portion of society, and their children are numerous. We know of no book, written especially for young people, giving the history and the reasons why Dissenters and their children should go to chapel instead of to church. They ought to know all about it; right or wrong, they should understand why their parents are Dissenters. Those who go to church have many costly places of worship, which they have built. They hold very important positions and are doing a great work for the nation. The children will be expected to take the places of their parents as they get old and pass away. Greater things, even, will they be expected to do, because knowledge increases and the means of obtaining it are improved.

Dissenters and church people have talked long about their differences, and they are talking very strongly now. When those who are now young grow to be men and women something great will have to be done, and they should be prepared to do it. The children of Church people are being taught what they must do, and the children of Dissenters ought not to be neglected.

Young Dissenters will be pleased when they learn who the men were that have gone before them, and what they did in the great cause which their parents strive to uphold. History is a grand thing for the young to study. By it they are influenced to do great things for God and man. The names of Dissenters mentioned in history are many and much honoured. The past has had such influence upon the present that all need to understand history. Ignorance of its facts will prevent usefulness. Let the young reader, then, ponder what is said in a few brief articles.

The real origin of the Church of England, as that church now exists, cannot go further back than the days of Henry VIII., who reigned from 1509 to 1547. Christianity was brought to England in very early times, even before the Popish religion took its rise, in the days of Constantine, the Roman emperor. Popery, however, was made supreme,

and it ruled in England for some hundreds of years. It built splendid cathedrals, churches, and monasteries, and spent large sums of money to keep them open. The Pope of Rome was head over all. Nothing of importance could be done without his consent. His word was law. The British Parliament could do nothing in matters pertaining to religion in opposition to the Pope.

Henry VIII. was a thorough-going Roman Catholic. He wrote against Luther, who was preaching in Germany, and trying to bring about the great reformation. The Pope was pleased with Henry, and gave him the title of "Defender of the Faith." Henry was dissatisfied with his wife, and wanted to put her away and marry another woman. He asked the Pope at Rome to grant him a divorce. The Pope was unwilling. Again and again Henry pressed his request. He was a man that wished to have his own way; he was very headstrong and passionate. He resolved to do without the Pope. He asked the bishops in England to draw up a divorce, that he might put away Catherine, his wife, and marry Anne Boleyn. This the bishops did. The Pope was angry that Henry had acted without his consent. He threatened to excommunicate the King. When the English Parliament met it conferred upon Henry the title of "The only supreme head of the Church of England upon earth."

This was the origin of the Church of England, and this the cause that brought it into existence. The Pope and his followers tried hard to gain their former positions, but without success. The King for a long time held many of the doctrines of the Church of Rome, amongst others, that of transubstantiation. This he enforced with great rigour. One young woman, said to be of great beauty, named Anne Ascue, perished in the flames, because she said the bread and wine were not turned into the body and blood of Christ. Although she was connected with the ladies of the court, and even with the queen, yet nothing could save her from such a cruel death. Henry became little else but a pope in England; no

doctrine or religious practice could be taught the people but what had his sanction. Many of our forefathers could not endure the rules and laws he laid down for them.

#### THE ATHANASIAN CREED.

ONE of our laymen, a vice-president of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, and who has been recently away from the neighbourhood of Unitarian churches, attended recently the morning service of the Church of England, and had the pain of listening to the Athanasian Creed, which suggested to him the following lines:—

How sad to come into so fair a fane,  
Which ought to be a refuge from the world,  
Where man may meet in converse with  
his God;

The soul attuned to love, and praise, and  
prayer;

By passing from the busy haunts of men,  
Through nature's loveliness, the spring's  
fresh greenery—

God's earth beneath, His blessed heaven  
above—

And there to hear, where His love should  
be taught,

And Christ's own gospel, tidings glad to all,  
Man pour, in his God's name, his curse on  
man!

Oh, wicked! less incredible that thus invokes  
On brother's head a curse, as if from God,  
Taking His name in vain, the God of love,  
Who loves His children, even in their sins!  
And this, too, not for deadly sin or crime,  
But merely for a so-called false belief.

Long-suffering God, who send'st not fire  
from Heaven,

To blast and wither up such blasphemy!

Oh, Church of England, well nigh the  
only one

Of Churches styled "of Christ" who thus  
retain'st

In service solemn, in God's sacred house,

This wretched relic of an old, dark age—

Alike dishonouring to God and man—

How canst thou hope a blessing from  
above,

Or be but doomed, and tottering to thy  
fall?

May not this be the one accursed sin

Which we are told shall never be forgiven;

This quenching of God's spirit in our  
hearts,

Which tells us, in tones unmistakeable,

That we can never earn the wrath of God

Because we may not chance believe of this  
or that?

Arise, and cast from thee this creed pro-  
fane! " T. C.

### SOME POPULAR OBJECTIONS TO THE CLAIMS OF CHRIS- TIANITY TO BE A DIVINE REVELATION.

1. "It was all uttered before;" but it ought not to discredit the claims of a revelation to be in a transcendent sense divine, if it is found to absorb into its contents, and put forth amongst its announcements a large measure of religious truths revealed at sundry times and in divers manners to the fathers by Jewish and Gentile prophets, or taught to the soul by the whisperings of the ever-teaching word. The materials for the restoration or the upbuilding of humanity may be at hand in great abundance; rich clusters of celestial fruit may have been steadily accumulating on the Tree of Life; words of priceless worth may have been spoken by rarely gifted men; but all this may be thought only to emphasise the necessity for the master-builder, for the hand of the husbandman, for the voice which can make the word spoken effectual. Everything that goes to make a crystal will not give you a crystal, unless you have the crystallising power. Of course the indwelling and incarnate word will make use of all that the ever-coming word has garnered against the supreme hour of human life when the day is at length to dawn and the day-star to arise upon the heart. Will the Lord invent phrases, or will he not choose phrases already consecrated, when he sets forth for all kindred and nations and tongues and people the Lord's Prayer? In the sermon which divine lips utter from the Mount, shall nothing be spoken which has ever been spoken before, — shall there be nothing to satisfy us that He who is speaking now by his Son, speaks to us also less directly by other voices, and notably in our own hearts? Truth is one thing, and truth proportioned, quickened, made efficient is another thing. Certainly we ought not with some regard this inquiry as to a divine revelation as closed because we are able to match many of the teachings of the Saviour with various sentences of Gentile wisdom. The question is not whether there had or had not been an

accumulation of moral and religious thought in the world, but whether these stores answered the purpose. Indeed since there was so much truth in the world, and so much recognition of it by the best natures, and yet so little came of it all, may we not rather find the necessity of one to come indicated beforehand?

2. Again, it is said that "the wish created is fact;" but I cannot find it to be adverse to the claims of Christianity that the time of its introduction was marked by a longing for a visible leader and head about whom the races of the earth might gather for guidance and inspiration. This longing, it has been seriously argued, created the story of Jesus in what, according to this view, are regarded as its exaggerations and idealisings, its fictions based upon facts, which often render to them a very slender support; and out of it all has grown a belief which, although the enlightened inquirer must regard it as an illusion, has nevertheless been so overruled as to have been of great service to the world. The very ignorance of men as to the life of Jesus, and the obscurity in which he lived and worked, favoured the needful process of idealisation. It is sometimes implied, if not asserted, that the claims of others were as good, only too much was known about them to allow of their deification. The time had come to worship some one; why not Jesus? Now to my mind this ripening of the thought of the world for a religious loyalty ought not, to say the least, to bring any discredit upon the earliest testimonies to the Christian; certainly they ought not to be allowed to create beforehand a judgment unfavourable to them. If the wish is often father to the belief, so again does it get its fulfilment in fact, and in a persuasion according to the fact. And it is a very common experience that the thought of the world is ever feeling after the truth which has not yet come into the light of its life; that there is a half-conscious wisdom, the result of the moving of the spirit of wisdom upon the souls of men. We are continually mistaken as to the form in which our expectations are to be

realised; in this respect the event is not according to the prophecy; but the expectations prove to be altogether real, and the form exceeds instead of falling short of what was looked for. In all the records of human expectancy before Christ, in all the expressions of desire for one to follow, you find no picture of him who did actually come. How vague and low and rudimentary this instinct for defying the human actually was in the beginning of the Christian era, may be learned from that amazing custom of raising to the seats of the gods the brutal or cruel emperors of the Romans. Why is not the argument at least as good when we say the time had come when principles or abstract truths must be embodied in persons, or in one person, and the person came with the time, as to put it the other way?

3. But, after all, "revelation demands faith, and does not give us knowledge;" and yet will those who walk by faith in their recognition of God, and an immortal life for man, and who cherish this faith in the face of many facts which are fitted to awaken doubts, find it unreasonable that in the bringing of his well-beloved into the world, God asks of them a preparation of faith? I anticipate, of course, the rejoinder that what is called the light of revelation being accorded to supply the deficiencies of the light of nature, should be indeed a light, and not any more a blending of light and darkness; but, on the other hand, it may be a thing impossible to bring divine persons and objects near to us save as we are exercised in believing. Our faith may be greatly aided, the divine may come out with great power and beauty into the light of our world, and yet there may still be much in the manifestation that does not accord with our idea of the way which God would choose for the display of His majesty and goodness. The man of faith, carrying with him the precious thoughts of God, finds everywhere in the world the signals of his glorious being; so the man of faith having the desire for God in his heart finds God in Christ and Christianity. At all events, whether this suits our con-

ception of a revelation or not, it would seem to be all the revelation which Jesus undertakes to bring,—the demand for faith being always precedent in his ministrations, and even the miracles of Christianity being objects of faith quite as much as grounds of faith. It will be found that much of the difficulty which attaches to the subject of Christian evidences springs from the vain effort to substitute sight for faith; to reach, I will not say a certainty, but a kind of certainty which the subject does not admit of; to see with the eye of the body what can only be discerned with the inward vision; to discover upon the head of the prophet an *aureola* or visible glory; when as in the water face answereth to face, so must the heart of the people of the Lord answer to him who cometh in the name of the Lord. And in this connection there is room to say that experience does not lead us to set a very high value upon a religion of signs. We do not find that a world which believes in wonders is much the better for so believing. The devil was as devotedly served when men were always seeing him and trembling at the sight, as he is served in these days when such visions are set down as superstitions. "If they believe not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead," at all events they will not be persuaded to any good purpose. We do not find that our religion was so proved to be divine, even to those who saw its miracles, as to make all doubt impossible; and as if the great purpose of the Lord was to plant His truth in the heart rather than to prove it to the understanding, there was from the first a certain want of care in setting down external facts, which has given abundant trouble to those who make the cause of divine revelation depend upon the success of the harmonist in arranging his parallels from the different gospels, and forming from various and seemingly conflicting accounts a connected narrative.

4. But "our intuitions are enough." Yes, if they are Christian; and we must be on our guard against the tendency to convert the very advantages which Christianity claims to have

secured to the world into an argument against the divine origin and efficacy of our faith. If we find those who having been trained in the gospel, having listened to its testimonies, breathed its atmosphere and walked in its light, are confidently and practically persuaded of divine things, and are ready to call their confidences the confidences of nature, as distinguished from what may be thought to come through Christ, let them be reminded that the very beliefs in which they are so strong are amongst the promised fruits of the gospel. The spirit for whose coming the master prepares is to lead us into all truth, to write the law upon our hearts, to make the Church a living Church, and the gospel a living gospel. If our intuitions are wonderfully enriched; if we can affirm God, providence, immortality, with an assurance which no outward voice of authority could strengthen; if any appeal to miracles seems superfluous; if our poorest hours are better than the best hours of many who have had a name to be wise,—it is only with us as the founder of Christianity said that it would be; we are lights, having the light within us; the revelation has done its good work for us, and the revealer no longer speaking to us in parables, shows us plainly of the father. And what concerns us more than anything is not to confound the evening twilight with the light which goes before the day. There may be a very general brightness after the sun has gone down, but it is decreasing and not increasing; the night cometh; let us not indulge in any expectation save as we come again into the light of the never-setting sun.

—*Christian Register.*

In poetry we say we require the miracle. The bee flies among the flowers and gets mint and marjoram, and generates a new product which is not mint and marjoram, but honey. The chemist mixes hydrogen and oxygen to yield a new product, which is not these but water; and the poet listens to conversation and beholds all objects in nature to give back not them, but a new and transcendent whole.

## THE LOVING COUPLE.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

THERE cannot be a better practical illustration of the wise saw and ancient instance, that there may be too much of a good thing, than is presented by a loving couple. Undoubtedly it is meet and proper that two persons joined together in holy matrimony should be loving, and unquestionably it is pleasant to know and see that they are so; but there is a time for all things, and the couple who happen to be always in a loving state before company are well nigh intolerable.

"Augusta, my soul," says Mr. Leaver. "Augustus, my life," replies Mrs. Leaver, "Sing some little ballad, darling," quoth Mr. Leaver. "I couldn't, indeed, dearest," returns Mrs. Leaver. "Do my dove," says Mr. Leaver. "I couldn't possibly, my love," replies Mrs. Leaver; and it's very naughty of you to ask me." "Naughty darling!" cries Mr. Leaver. "Yes, very naughty, and very cruel," returns Mrs. Leaver, "for you know I have a sore throat, and that to sing would give me great pain. You're a monster, and I hate you. Go away!" Mrs. Leaver has said "Go away," because Mr. Leaver has tapped her under the chin. Mr. Leaver not doing as he is bid, but on the contrary, sitting down beside her, Mrs. Leaver slaps Mr. Leaver; and Mr. Leaver in return slaps Mrs. Leaver, and it being now time for all persons present to look the other way, they look the other way, and hear a still small sound as of kissing, at which Mrs. Starling is thoroughly enraptured, and whispers her neighbour that if all married couples were like that, what a heaven this earth would be!

There was a great water-party made up to go to Twickenham and dine, and afterwards dance in an empty villa by the river side, hired expressly for the purpose. Mr. and Mrs. Leaver were of the company; and it was our fortune to have a seat in the same boat, which was an eight oared galley, manned by amateurs, with a blue striped awning of the same pattern as their Guernsey shirts, and a dingy red flag of the same shade as the whiskers of the stroke oar.

A coxswain being appointed, and all other matters adjusted, the eight gentlemen threw themselves into strong paroxysms, and pulled up with the tide, stimulated by the compassionate remarks of the ladies, who one and all exclaimed that it seemed an immense exertion—as indeed it did. At first we raced the other boat, which came alongside in gallant style; but this being found an unpleasant amusement, as giving rise to a great quantity of splashing, and rendering the cold pies and other viands very moist, it was unanimously voted down, and we were suffered to shoot ahead, while the second boat followed ingloriously in our wake.

It was at this time that we first recognised Mr. Leaver. There were two watermen in the boat, lying by until someone was exhausted; and one of them, who had taken upon himself the direction of affairs, was heard to cry in a gruff voice, "Pull away, number two—give it her, number two,—take a longer reach, number two—now, number two, sir, think you're a winning boat." The greater part of the company had no doubt began to wonder which of the striped Guernseys it might be that stood in need of such encouragement, when a stifled shriek from Mrs. Leaver confirmed the doubtful and informed the ignorant; and Mr. Leaver, still further disguised in a straw hat and no neckcloth, was observed to be in a fearful perspiration, and failing visibly, nor was the general consternation diminished at this instant by the same gentleman (in the performance of an accidental aquatic feat termed "catching a crab") plunging suddenly backward, and displaying nothing of himself to the company but two violent, struggling legs. Mrs. Leaver shrieked again several times, and cried piteously—"Is he dead? Tell me the worst. Is he dead?"

Now, a moment's reflection might have convinced the loving wife, that unless her husband were endowed with some most surprising powers of muscular action, he never could be dead while he kicked so hard. But still Mrs. Leaver cried, "Is he dead? Is he dead?" and still everybody else cried "No, no,

no," until such time as Mr. Leaver was replaced in a sitting posture, and his oar (which had been going through all kinds of wrong-headed performances on its own account) was once more put in his hand, by the exertions of the two watermen. Mrs. Leaver then exclaimed, "Augustus, my child, come to me;" and Mr. Leaver said, "Augusta, my love compose yourself, I am not injured." But Mrs. Leaver cried again more piteously than before, "Augustus, my child, come to me;" and now the company generally, who seemed to be apprehensive that if Mr. Leaver remained where he was, he might contribute more than his proper share towards the drowning of the party, disinterestedly took part with Mrs. Leaver, and said he really ought to go, and that he was not strong enough for such violent exercise, and ought never to have undertaken it. Reluctantly, Mr. Leaver went, and laid himself down at Mrs. Leaver's feet, and Mrs. Leaver stooping over him, said, "Oh Augustus, how could you terrify me so?" and Mr. Leaver said, "Augusta, my sweet, I never meant to terrify you;" and Mrs. Leaver said, "You are faint, my love;" and Mr. Leaver said, "I am rather so, my love;" and they were very loving indeed under Mrs. Leaver's veil, until at length Mr. Leaver came forth again, and pleasantly asked if he had not heard something about bottled stout and sandwiches.

Mrs. Starling, who was one of the party, was perfectly delighted with this scene, and frequently murmured half aside, "What a loving couple you are!" or, "How delightful it is to see man and wife so happy together!" To us she was quite poetical (for we are a kind of cousins), observing that hearts beating in unison like that made life a paradise of sweets; and that when kindred creatures were drawn together by sympathies so fine and delicate, what more than mortal happiness did not our souls partake! To all this we answered—"Certainly," or "Very true," or merely sighed, as the case might be. At every new act of the loving couple, the widow's admiration broke out afresh; and when Mrs. Leaver would not permit Mr. Leaver to keep his hat off, lest the sun

should strike to his head, and give him a brain fever, Mrs. Starling actually shed tears, and said it reminded her of Adam and Eve.

### ANCIENT UNIVERSALISM.

*Didymus the Blind.* He was born A.D. 311, and died A.D. 396, at Alexandria, Egypt. He was in all respects a very remarkable person, both as a child and as a man, in public and in private life. When only five years old he lost his sight, and became totally blind, remaining so to his death. Notwithstanding this great calamity, his active mind refused rest and stagnation, and procuring the help of suitable teachers, the child began his studies, and in the course of years he thoroughly educated himself in all the leading branches of the learning of the day; making himself master of grammar, logic, rhetoric, music, arithmetic, and the most difficult portions of mathematics.

How the literary world has admired the historian, Prescott, for his perseverance under the affliction of *partial* blindness—how much greater honour and admiration to this youth, who struggled so bravely and successfully against the dreadful misfortune of *total* blindness?

But what is more astonishing of all, his knowledge of Divinity and Christian dogmatics was so extensive and profound, notwithstanding his blindness, that he was elected President of the Theological Seminary at Alexandria. It is to be remembered that this was the great Christian educational and theological institution of the time; and it is never to be forgotten in the history of our Faith that *three* of its first presidents were Universalists—Clement, Origen, and Didymus, of whom we are writing. What a revelation this gives us of the state of public opinion in the Church at this period, A.D. 250—350, regarding Universalism! This Alexandrian Seminary was then to the Christian world what the Andover Seminary is now to New England orthodoxy.

Suppose three acknowledged and well-known Universalists teachers should, in succession, be chosen principals of

Andover Seminary—would it make any noise in the religious world? any commotion in the orthodox Churches? But it made no noise, no commotion in the *Christian* Churches of the second and third centuries, when three well-known Universalists were chosen principals of the Theological Seminary at Alexandria! What is the legitimate inference from this? We think our readers are intelligent enough to see it without our help.

That Didymus was a Universalist is proved by the testimony of contemporary and succeeding authors, as well as admitted by all modern historians. Additional evidence is found in the fact that about one hundred and fifty years after his death, when the Church had become corrupt, and Pagan philosophy and doctrine had largely displaced the pure teachings of Jesus and the Apostles, he was condemned by a council at Constantinople for teaching the doctrine of universal restoration.

His works, in consequence of this condemnation, were destroyed, and only a few fragments have escaped to our time. But in one of these fragments he contends not only for the salvation of all men, but also for the final deliverance of the angels who sinned, as was supposed, in the beginning. He was a voluminous writer, and Jerome has given a list of his works in his "Illustrious Men." Those preserved are "On the Holy Spirit," "On the Trinity," "Against the Manichæans," and "Brief Comments on the Catholic Epistles."

One remark touching the position of Universalism in the early Church: It is seldom mentioned in the way of controversy, it is never attacked as heresy at the period named, A.D. 100—400; showing that it was commonly accepted among Christian believers without question or debate. When Unitarianism made its appearance in Boston in the time of Channing, what an angry controversy immediately sprang up, and how soon it was branded as heresy, and condemned by the orthodox party. But when Universalism is openly taught by Clement, Origen, Didymus, and other distinguished teachers and writers of the first centuries, there was no controversy, no cry

of heresy, simply because it was not regarded as heresy. It was long after this when, as we have said, the Church became corrupt and half paganised, that Universalism began to be opposed, and it was not until one hundred and fifty years after the death of Didymus that it was publicly condemned in the Mennas Council, A.D. 544.—*Universalist*.

## HUSBANDS, STAY AT HOME.

BY UNCLE TIMOTHY.

A FEW evenings since, I came from the Post-office, just at early dusk. The bells had rung the operatives out of the mills, and the workmen out of the shops. As I was coming along musing, I met a young man, who was bending his somewhat hurried steps towards a moderately sized white house by the way, and, as I noticed, was looking quite earnestly towards a chamber window where was sitting a young woman. His face was crowded with more wholesome smiles than are wont to be seen on that of a man, all of which, I perceived, were amply reciprocated. I thought possibly he might be a lover returning after long weeks of absence, to pledge anew his plighted faith, and to talk over perhaps a particular future day that had been as much as hinted at before. At this time a little hysteric scream, or laugh, came from the same upper window, and the aforesaid woman revealed all, by saying, in her own pretty way, "There comes your papa; there comes your papa."

I confess that my heart began to soften and wax warm—a very grateful change just at that time, for I had indulged that very day in some pretty hard thoughts towards the world, for its selfishness and other meannesses. And being in a mood for it, I walked on slowly, filling out the picture from an easy and willing imagination. So, as old John Bunyan would say, "I saw in my dream" a pretty little home-like kitchen, substantial part of one of these scanty upper tenements, containing only a little, but that little very well proportioned and nicely arranged. The table was covered with a snow-white cloth, "as no fuller can whiten," the tea was smoking by the stove, and the nice hot

biscuits beside it. On the table were the scalloped cookies just nicely browned, the sponge cake, made that very day in exact obedience to the directions of a brand-new receipt, a slice of butter finely cut, and laid on the cleanest plate, a china one, given by a mother, a few very thin cuts from the dinner roast, and, added to these, several little nameless titbits, all nicely gotten up, just because "he is fond of them, you know."

Now I should have liked to go asleep on that, and finish such a pretty little day-dream by a corresponding real one. But this was not allowed. This hard, practical question would force itself on me, "Will he stay after he gets up there? Or will he, after hurrying down his selfish throat those nice little titbits wrought by delicate, perhaps tired but still right willing hands, seize his selfish hat and hurry off to the *public* or saloon to have a good selfish smoke with some equally selfish boon companions—leaving her whom he has taken from a pleasant home, to clear away as best she can, between the intervals of tending the baby now becoming cross from sleepiness, and then to sit and knit, and stitch, and think I needn't say what about, all alone and silent till the dreary hour of ten?"

Young husbands, stay at home even with your wives, as you virtually swore you would when you won their hearts and holiest affections. Take care of the baby, your baby, while she "clears away the things," and then read to her, or talk over the experiences and observations of the day, and those little plans for the future, when you are to have a nice little cottage of your own, if, indeed, you are not too brainless to have any future plans.

"But then, she don't mind such things; she is used to home, and it's her way to stay there." Try it yourself. The supper is dispatched, and, without "clearing away," she takes her hat and shawl and sallies forth to enjoy a little gossiping with the neighbours, and leaves you to enjoy (?) the baby and other things. The baby gets cross—all babies are cros in the absence of their mothers—and so you rock it in the cradle, and that not

answering the purpose, you trot it on your knee, or carry it about the room, drum on the window to draw its attention from crying, and, failing in that, you rattle things generally, as though one noise would supersede another, till at last the little plague worries itself to sleep. And then you read some, of course all to yourself, and afterward you listen to the clock going steadily on through sixty minutes, 3600 ticks. But there is one relief, for variety's sake, it strikes eight, and then comes the slow measured ticks again, just another 3600 and its nine. But by this time you are getting tired, and things are growing monotonous—provided, always, the baby has consideration enough for your feelings not to wake up—and so, for a change, you slink off to bed, and at half-past nine, or when 1800 more of those inevitable ticks have transpired, you get into a dull drowse, till startled by a rattle at the door. She has come. It's only a quarter to ten; if it had been your case, it would have been quite ten, or half-past.

It is true, you have got through with it, and perhaps are not seriously damaged. But remember, there are 365 of them in a year; and so when you get through with the 365th and find you like it, I trust you will be generous enough to give your wife a turn at it, and not have the selfishness to appropriate all the good things to yourself. But if you don't like it, and find that getting used to it doesn't result in much improvement, then I say as before, stay at home evenings with your wife, and if she is a true wife, and you are a true husband, you will like it before you get used to it, and not less afterward.

"But then home isn't always pleasant; it is chafed and vexed by unfortunate dispositions, and frettings, and petty whims, and all that." Perhaps so; and I think I have heard something like it before. That is the other side. And still, after having poured such a phial full of just indignation on your head, it can hardly be expected that I should be equal to a like task so soon. Let me take time to reflect.

## THE MOON AND THE WEATHER.

THE notion that the moon exerts an influence on the weather is so deeply rooted that, notwithstanding all the attacks which have been made against it since meteorology has been seriously studied, it continues to retain its hold upon us. And yet there never was a popular superstition more utterly without a basis than this one. If the moon did really possess any power over the weather, that power could only be exercised in one of three ways—by reflection of the sun's rays, by attraction, or by emanation. No other form is conceivable. Now, as the brightest light of a full moon is never equal in intensity or quantity to that which is reflected towards us by a white cloud on a summer day, it can scarcely be pretended that weather is affected by such a cause. That the moon does exert attraction on us is manifest—we see its working in the tides; but though it can move water, it is most unlikely that it can do the same to air, for the specific gravity of the atmosphere is so small that there is nothing to be attracted. Laplace calculated, indeed, that the joint attraction of the sun and moon together could not stir the atmosphere at a quicker rate than five miles a day. As for lunar emanations, not a sign of them has ever been discovered. The idea of an influence produced by the phases of the moon is therefore based on no recognisable cause whatever. Furthermore, it is now distinctly shown that no variations at all really occur in the weather at the moment of the changes of quarter, any more than at other ordinary times. Since the establishment of meteorological stations all over the earth, it has been proved by millions of observations that there is no simultaneousness whatever between the supposed cause and the supposed effect. The whole story is a fancy and a superstition which has been handed down to us uncontrolled, and which we have accepted as true because our forefathers believed it. The moon exercises no more influence on the weather than herrings do on the Government of Switzerland.—*Blackwood.*

## STRENGTHEN THE FAMILY TIE.

To be or not to be depends largely upon our own action. The first great step to become somebody is to wed, for then real life truly begins, and calls for the best efforts in order to provide comfortably for the loved one, and at the same time to develop the capacities of one's profession, and climb to the highest point of fame.

To reach with ease these happy stages of life nothing will do it so well as the beautiful organisation of the family, which has the ten commandments as the very key-stone for its foundation, and such a family appreciates the divinity of the Sabbath; they long for its coming, for on that day papa is at home. He is the whole day with the family, and therefore the family is at least for one entire day under his happy influence.

And pray is there anything more beautiful in this charming world than to behold a husband and wife, whose countenance bears the impress of their happy unity, accompanied with their blooming children, all in holy day attire, walking unpretendingly and yet with a dignity which only purity of heart can give, to the house of worship. They go there not with the intention to see and to be seen, but to give thanksgiving to the Father of all that is good for the protection that He has vouchsafed to them and theirs during the past week, and to pray for His continued grace, in order that their acts may be worthy in His sight and the sight of man.

The sweet harmony of the music, the soul-stirring song, and the wise words of the minister, all combined make a divine-like impression on that family, for they come to be thus impressed, and they go forth armed with new affections and the noblest resolutions, *to be*—what? Not a mere money-bag, not a mere pleasure seeker, but God's messengers who dry the tears of woe, diffuse education and divine light among the masses, and thus compass ignorance and crime, and make of this world what the great Architect intended it to be, a perfect earthly paradise for man and the animal and vegetable kingdom,—*Israelite*.

## THE HUNTER'S STORY.

By REV. JOHN TODD, D.D.

My guide was an old trapper, who had spent years in the forest, sometimes six months at a time, without seeing a human face. I was sitting down, leaning against a tree, just at sunset, and the old hunter came and sat down near me.

"In the course of your being in the woods so long," said I, "you must have met with some strange things. What one do you now think of as amongst the strangest?"

"Why, I hardly know; I have had many narrow escapes, and have, as you say, seen some strange things. I can now recal one. It took place many years ago, when I was younger than I am now. I had been out all winter alone, trapping for fur. It was in March, when I was hunting beaver, just as the ice was about to break up, and on one of the farthest, wildest lakes I ever visited. I calculated there could be no human being nearer than one hundred miles. I was pushing my canoe through the ice, one cold day, when just around a point that projected into the lake, I heard something walking through the ice. It made so much noise, and stepped so regularly, that I felt sure it must be a moose. I got my rifle ready, and held it cocked in one hand, while I pushed the canoe with the other. Slowly and carefully I rounded the point, when, what was my astonishment to see, not a moose, but a man, wading in the water—the ice water; He had nothing on his hands or feet, and his clothes were torn almost from his limbs. He was walking, gesticulating with his hands, and talking to himself. He seemed to be wasted to a skeleton.

"With great difficulty I got him into my canoe, when I landed and made up a fire, and got him some hot tea and food. He had a bone of some animal in his bosom, which he had gnawed almost to nothing. He was nearly frozen, and quieted down and soon fell asleep. With great difficulty, and in a roundabout way, I found out the name of the town from which he came. Slowly and carefully I got him along, around

falls and over portages, keeping a resolute watch on him, lest he should escape from me in the forest. At length, after nearly a week's travel, I reached the village where I supposed he lived. I found the whole community under deep excitement, and more than a hundred men were scattered in the woods and on the mountains seeking for my crazy companion, for they had learned that he had wandered into the woods. It had been agreed upon that if he was found the bells should be immediately rung and guns fired; and as soon as I landed a shout was raised, his friends rushed to him, the bells broke out in loud notes, and guns were fired, and their reports echoed again and again in forest and on mountain, till every seeker knew that the lost one was found.

"How many times I had to tell the story over! I never saw people so crazy with joy; for the man was of the first and best families, and they hoped his insanity would be but temporary, as I afterwards learned it was. How they feasted me! and, when I came away, loaded my canoe with provisions and clothing, and everything for my comfort! It was a time and place of wonderful joy. They seemed to forget everything else, and think only of the poor man whom I had brought back."

The old hunter ceased, and I said, "Don't this make you think of the fifteenth chapter of Luke, where the man lost one sheep, left all the rest and sought it, and brought it home rejoicing; and of the teaching of our Saviour, that there is joy in heaven over one repenting, returning sinner?"

"O yes! I have often compared the two, and though I don't suppose they ring bells and fire guns in that world, yet I have no doubt they have some way of making their joy known."

#### WHICH SHALL IT BE?

[A RICH man who had no children proposed to his poor neighbour, who had seven, to take one of them, and promised, if the parents would consent, that he would give them property enough to make themselves and their other six children comfortable for life.]

Which shall it be? Which shall it be?  
I looked at John, John looked at me,  
And when I found that I must speak

My voice seemed strangely low and weak:  
"Tell me again what Robert said;"  
And then I, listening, bent my head—  
This is his letter.

"I will give  
A house and land while you shall live,  
If, in return, from out your seven,  
One child to me for aye is given."  
I looked at John's old garments worn;  
I thought of all that he had borne  
Of poverty, and work, and care,  
Which I, though willing, could not share;  
I thought of seven young mouths to feed,  
Of seven little children's need,  
And then of this.

"Come John," said I,  
"We'll choose among them as they lie  
Asleep." So, walking hand in hand,  
Dear John and I surveyed our band;  
First to the cradle lightly stepped  
Where Lillian, the baby, slept.  
Softly the father stooped to lay  
His rough hand down in a loving way,  
When dream or whisper made her stir,  
And huskily he said: "Not her!"  
We stooped beside the trundle bed,  
And one long ray of lamplight shed  
Athwart the boyish faces there,  
In sleep so beautiful and fair.  
I saw on James's rough red cheek  
A tear undried. Ere John could speak  
"He's but a baby, too," said I,  
And kissed him as we hurried by.  
Pale, patient Robbie's angel face  
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace,  
"No, for a thousand crowns not him,"  
He whispered, while our eyes were dim.  
Poor Dick, bad Dick! our wayward son—  
Turbulent, restless, idle one—  
Could he be spared? Nay, He who gave  
Bade us befriend him to the grave;  
Only a mother's heart could be  
Patient enough for such as he;  
"And so," said John, "I would not dare  
To take him from her bedside prayer."  
Then stole we softly up above,  
And knelt to Mary, child of love.  
"Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"  
I said to John. Quite silently  
He lifted up a curl that lay  
Across her cheek in a wilful way,  
And shook his head: "Nay, love, not thee,"  
The while my heart beat audibly.  
Only one more, our eldest lad,  
Trusty and truthful, good and glad.  
So like his father. "No, John, no!  
I cannot, will not, let him go."  
And so we wrote in a courteous way,  
We could not give one child away;  
And afterward toil lighter seemed,  
Thinking of that of which we dreamed,  
Happy in truth that not one face  
Was missed from its accustomed place;  
Thankful to work for all the seven,  
Trusting the rest to One in heaven.

## ON CHURCH MUSIC.

BY ELSA KELMER.

"It is written, My house shall be called the house of prayer," but how far from prayerful, or even devotional, is much of the music that forms a part of our religious service, and that we hear within the "house of prayer" on God's holy day.

How often are we startled, and our souls jarred, by a familiar air from some opera, which we have heard before the blazing footlights, and in the glare of the concert room, from the lips of a courted prima donna. How strangely the melody sounds within the "house of prayer." It may be very sweet, but it speaks of earth, of human love and human pain. It does not strengthen us nor comfort us. It brings no message to us from God our Heavenly Father.

Oh, why should this be so, when there are deep, soulful strains, written by master hands, which cannot be interpreted by words, but which are prayers themselves, and lift us up to the very gates of heaven? And there are low, restful soothing melodies, which calm our restlessness and grief as no human sympathy can, and which bring peace,—“the peace which passes all understanding” unto our souls.

Why, when there is music like this, should we be compelled so often to listen to some secular air, played in all the different keys, and embellished with variations by the organist! While he is running up and down the scale, interspersing a few arpeggios and trills, and giving us a specimen of his skill, we are sitting below waiting,—“hungry for the bread of life.”

Or, why must we listen Sunday after Sunday, while the choir gives the whole range and compass of their voices, and their degree of cultivation, while they have no apparent realisation of the meaning of the words they sing? And sometimes we have to hear, perhaps a favourite psalm, that has been our stay and help when the dark hours were near, and that holds a sacred, holy memory for us, rendered with no feeling whatever, with music unadapted, and with no appreciation of the soul beneath the words, while we sit perfectly help-

less, with no power to save what is so precious to us from utter desecration.

There should be no lightness, no affectation in the character of our church music. Could we tolerate frivolity, affectation, insincerity, and irreverence from the lips of the preacher,—“he who stands as God's ambassador, sent with God's commission to the heart?” I know that in some places the standard has fallen very low, but could a Christian church, tolerate these things?

A poet has said,

“I seek divine simplicity in him  
Who handles things divine.”

Should there not be a “divine simplicity” in the music which is part of our divine service? Should the lips that sing God's praises be less pure, less sincere, less believing, than those which speak them?

Then let us banish all that is secular, all that is not truly sacred, when we gather together within God's holy temple to worship, to be strengthened, to be made better, to be comforted, to be rested. Let the music be helpful and purifying. It may speak to each heart differently, according to its need, but let it be of such a character as to bring us all nearer to our God, and to Jesus Christ our Lord.

## A DINNER AND A KISS.

“I HAVE brought you your dinner, father,”

The Blacksmith's daughter said.

As she took from her arm the kettle

And lifted its shining lid.

“There is not any pie or pudding,

So I will give you this,”

And upon his toil-worn forehead

She left a childish kiss.

The Blacksmith took off his apron

And dined in happy mood,

Wondering much at the savour

Hid in his humble food;

While all about him were visions

Full of prophetic bliss,

But he never thought of the magic

In his little daughter's kiss.

While she with her kettle swinging

Merrily trudged away,

Stopping at sight of a squirrel,

Catching some wild bird's lay;

And—I thought how many a shadow

Of life and fate we would miss,

If always our frugal dinners

Were seasoned with a kiss.

MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

## THE DISHONEST PEASANT.

In the year 1794 a poor French emigrant was passing the winter in a village in Westphalia, in Germany. He was obliged to live with the greatest economy, in order not to go beyond his means. One cold morning he had occasion to buy a load of wood. He found a peasant who had one to sell, and asked him what the price was. The peasant, who perceived by his broken German that he was a foreigner, and that his ignorance might be taken advantage of, answered that the price was three louis d'ors. The Frenchman endeavoured to beat him down, but in vain; the peasant would abate nothing of his first demand. The emigrant, finding it useless to waste words with him, and being in pressing need of the fuel, at last took it, and paid the money that was asked for it.

The peasant, delighted to have made so good a bargain, drove with his empty cart to the village inn, which was not far off, and ordered breakfast. While it was getting ready, he entertained the landlord with an account of the way in which he had cheated the Frenchman, and made him pay three louis d'ors for a load of wood which, at the utmost, was not worth more than seven shillings and sixpence; talking as if he had done a very clever thing.

But the landlord was a good man, and feeling justly indignant at the peasant's conduct, told him that he ought to be ashamed of himself thus to have taken advantage of the ignorance of a poor foreigner.

"Well," said the peasant, with a scornful laugh, "the wood was mine; I had a right to ask just what I pleased for it, and nobody has a right to call my conduct in question."

The landlord made no reply. When breakfast was over the peasant asked how much was to pay. The landlord replied, "Three louis d'ors."

"What!" said the peasant, "three louis d'ors for a cup of coffee and a few slices of bread and butter!"

"Yes," said the landlord with the utmost composure, "the coffee and bread and butter were mine; I have a right to ask just what I please for them. My

bill is three louis d'ors, and I shall keep your horse and cart until you pay me. If you think I am charging you too much, you can go before the judge."

The peasant, without saying anything more, went to the judge's office and made his complaint.

The judge was surprised and indignant at the landlord's extortion, especially as he had always borne an excellent character.

He ordered him to be brought before him, and his reception of him was somewhat stern. But the landlord told him the whole story—how the peasant had taken advantage of the poor emigrant's ignorance to cheat him, what their conversation was, and how his own conduct was simply visiting upon the head of a dishonest man the wrong he had done to another.

Under such circumstances the judge decided that the landlord had done right, and that the peasant should pay the three louis d'ors.

The peasant, with a very ill grace, drew out his purse, and laid the money on the table.

"I do not want this money," said the landlord to the judge, "as your honour may well suppose. Will you have the goodness to change one of these louis d'ors, and give the peasant seven shillings and sixpence out of it—for that, as he confessed to me, is all that his wood was worth—and return the remainder to the poor Frenchman? For the breakfast I want nothing."

The judge was much moved at these words of the good innkeeper. He counted out the seven shillings and sixpence to the peasant and dismissed him with a severe rebuke.

The rest was returned to the emigrant, who, on hearing the story, went to thank the kind innkeeper, and with great difficulty persuaded him to accept a small sum for the peasant's breakfast.

## ANECDOTE OF A LITTLE BOY.

THE siege of Magdeburg is distinguished in history for its inhuman barbarity. At that time there dwelt in the city a lawyer named Friese, who had a Lutheran tutor for his children, for which he was much blamed by his bigoted fellow citizens. This tutor loved

the Word of God himself, and sought to impress its holy words on the tender memories of the young children committed to his care, by rewarding them every Sabbath for the careful repetition of a verse of the Bible learned in the course of the week. When Magdeburg was taken by storm by the Imperialists, and its inhabitants put to the sword or taken prisoners, Lawyer Friese disguised himself and family in humble garments, hid about his person a few articles of value, left his house and all the doors in it open, and then secreted himself and his children in the loft of an out-house. Here, however, an Imperialist soldier discovered them, and rushed toward the father with a huge hammer to kill him. His wife and children ran out, and begged for mercy. The youngest boy, little more than able to speak plainly, in the anguish of his heart, seeing his father in danger, cried out to the soldier :—

“Oh, do let our father live, and I will give you my farthing which I earned last Sunday.”

These simple words of the little boy touched the heart of the soldier, who was a Nuremberger, and his hand was stayed.

“These are fine boys,” said he to the trembling father. “Make haste and escape with them, for the Croats will be here in less than an hour, and then there will be no mercy.”

He then conducted the family out of the town; and when any would have fallen upon them, he stopped them, saying, “These are my prisoners; let no man lay hands on them.”

Taking them on with him to his own tent, he gave them food for several days, till he found an opportunity for them to escape to Volmirstadt. Thence they fled in a sutler's wagon to Halberstadt, and safely reached the city of Leipsic.

Thus, as often both before and since, the words were proved true :—“When our distress is greatest, God's help is nearest.”

#### A FEW WORDS TO CHILDREN.

“Cherish kindly feelings, children,  
While on earth you stay;  
They will scatter joy and sunshine  
All along your way.

“Make the paths of duty brighter,  
Make your trials less;  
And whate'er your lot or station,  
Give you happiness.”

CONSIDER how much of your happiness arises from your feelings, and you will see how important it is to you to have pleasant, kindly feelings. Sometimes when you are ill or in pain you say, “Yes, it is bad; but I do not mind it half so much as the thought that someone was unkind to you.” At other times you think, “This trouble has been a blessing to me, after all, for it has shown me how kind someone was.” Sometimes you are very unhappy because you think someone is thinking unkind things of you; maybe that someone is either not thinking of you at all, or thinking kindly, though not showing his kindness as you wished or expected. So you have been cherishing hard feelings about him, and making yourself miserable without any cause, while if you had remembered these verses, you might both have been happy together. Learn these verses by heart, and teach them to as many children as you can, so that they may be helped to guide their thoughts aright, and to lead better lives.

They are easy, pretty, simple verses, but there is a deep, deep meaning in them, as those people find who obey strictly the rule that these verses teach.

#### SPRING.

So many noble poets have been wont to  
sing

Glad songs of joy and welcome to the  
happy spring,

In tones so full and sweet, I hardly dare  
to raise

My weak and lowly strain of gratitude  
and praise.

Yet thankfulness awakes fresh in our  
hearts each year,

When all the newborn glories of the spring  
appear;

As birds must sing for gladness, so when  
we rejoice,

The gratitude within our souls will find a  
voice.

Then, may I dare to sing? And will my  
theme, though old,

Be new for ever as a sweet tale often told?  
Ah! yes, the instinct of our hearts cannot

be wrong,  
The Lord will not refuse a grateful, humble song.  
M. R.

## WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

**BAPTISING THE DOLL.**—A little Bangor girl, after returning from church on Sunday, was found at the washbowl sprinkling her doll's head. She excused herself to her mamma by saying that the minister told them that all children who would go to Heaven should be baptised, and she wasn't going to risk "Sissy" any longer.

**CONDENSED DISCOURSES.**—A lady remarked to a popular divine that his sermons were a little too long. "Don't you think so?" said she—"just a little?" "Ah! dear madam," replied the divine, "I am afraid you don't like 'the sincere milk of the Word.'" "Yes, I do," said she; "but you know the fashion, now-a-days, is condensed milk."

**WATCH AND PRAY.**—Mohammed overheard one of his followers say: "I will loose my camel and commit him to God." "My friend," said Mohammed, "tie thy camel, and commit him to God." It is presumption and not faith that expects a harvest without sowing, or that prays God to avert a calamity while neglecting to use all lawful means for averting it. The means themselves are God's messengers.

**THE RIGHTS OF MAN.**—During the Castle-reagh Government, when every Liberal was closely watched, one of our Unitarian brethren in Lampeter believed that a stranger in town was the Government spy of all his movements. He put into his window a Welsh copy of the Bible, with a large advertisement, "The Rights of Man for Sale." The spy stepped into his house and said he would purchase the book, which he did at three times the price of the Bible. He soon discovered his blunder, and wished to return the book, and have his money, saying, "This was not the Rights of Man." "Oh, yes," said the seller, "The rights and the best rights of man." No money was returned. The spy soon left the town.

**THE RELIGION WANTED.**—In 1870, there were in the United States 63,000 Church edifices, with nearly 22,000,000 sittings, and the Church property was valued at 70,000,000 of pounds sterling. How much of the religion represented by all this is applied? How much of it is carried in precept from the church to the store? What effect has it on the market? Does it guide or restrain the political office holder? Does it prevent employers from grinding the face of the poor man, by cutting down his wages to pay for their marble stores and family extravagance? Does it make men and women pure and truthful and honest in their every-day life? To do these things is the province of religion.—*American Paper.*

**QUID PRO QUO.**—Ministers not unfrequently after they have done some unusual kindness to an outsider are reminded of the old Scottish beggar, with bonnet in hand, who applied to a clergyman for "a bit of charity." The minister put a piece of silver into his hand. "Thank ye, sir; oh, thank ye! I'll gie ye an afternoon's hearing for this ane o' these days."

**TULPIT ASSISTANCE.**—While a minister was in the midst of his discourse, a young man opened the church door, and stood there casting furtive glances over the congregation. The clergyman paused, gave the youth a withering glance, and remarked, "Go out, young man, she's not here." He went out. Such thoughtfulness on the part of clergymen would save young men much trouble and anxiety.

**RESPECT YOURSELF.**—The head of a great publishing house, said to a friend, the year he was mayor of a large city, that he owed much of his success in life to the inspiring words of his mother when he left home to begin his apprenticeship: "James, you have got good blood in your veins, don't disgrace it." What is good for the individual is good for the race. There is no telling how much harm has been done to mankind by telling them that they had the bad blood of Adam in their veins, and therefore a great deal of sin and meanness was almost inevitable.

**ROMAN CATHOLIC MIRACLES.**—A Paris correspondent of the *Times* writes:—"M. Sarcey furnishes us this morning with some more startling particulars in regard to the French missions in China. He quotes from the *Annales de la Sainte Enfance* extracts which show that the young Chinese are engaged in clearing Church land; that this work is fatal to many of them, but the bodies of these martyrs, instead of decomposing, emit no bad odour, like those of Pagans, which contaminate the air for leagues round.

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Printed by GEORGE REVEIRS, (successor to SAMUEL TAYLOR), Graystoke-place, Fetter-lane, London, and the trade supplied by EDWARD T. WHITFIELD, 178, Strand, London.